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1931. Engrt 2/6. Legm. 3/-

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8762. r. 35.

On reading this carefully it seems likely that it represents a sermon preached ^{at} ~~before~~ soon after the storm. It has all the incoherence of diction which an excited and hysterical man would display almost to the extent of mania.

From family papers of the Hubbles, my grandmother's people, who lived at The West Farm, Capel, he seems to have been a harmless sort of man. He preached the funeral sermon of several of them. H.T.

JOHN HEDGES, A.M., Vicar of Tudely, cum Capella, Kent, 4to. pp. 11. London, 1763.

Miserable nonsense, the writer of which must be out of his senses.—GOUGH.

By this direful calamity, incredible damage was done to the Corn, Hops, Orchards, Fields, Woods, Houses, &c. in the Parishes of Brenchley, Tudely, Capell, Hadlow, Mereworth, East and West Peckham, East and West Farley, Yalding, Hunton, Teston, Barming, Watlington, Nettlestead, Maidstone, Debting, Boxley, Otham, &c.

An Elegy on a Storm which happened in WEST KENT, on the 13th of August, 1763, pp. 14. London, 1764.

The Author was W. PREFECT, a Surgeon and Apothecary at Town Malling, who advertised and professed to cure insanity; the first poet perhaps, says Gough, that ever pretended to such an art. He also published, *The Laurel Wreath, a Collection of Poems*, by W. P., 2 vol. 12mo. 1766; it contains two local poems, entitled, "Barham Place," the seat of Sir Philip Boteler, Bart. at Teston, and "Yokes," the seat of Richard Masters, Esq.

Although it is "miserable nonsense," this pamphlet is one of the rarest of the smaller Kent items. H.T.

He was at East Peckham for a time and had a brother from B.A. from coll. Merton. 1744.

P.T.O.



Memorandum
 Of a violent Storm or Tempest;
 Of Raging Hail and Wind; which blew
 Down all Barns in this Parish & several
 Trees & blew up By the Root; All the
 Hops Cuts, & were cutt to Pieces By the
 Hail; so that there could be but very Little of either
 saved. N.B. It was not a general thing through out
 the County.

Gadding 19th Aug^r 1763
 Rob^t. Hubble, writing
 With Mr. W^m Musgrove

Robert Hubble son of Thomas Hubble, Secumans.
of the moat Capel on Tonbridge. He was apprenticed
to Musgrave the Grocer of Yalding. Later he had
a thriving buisness at Pembury with which he combined
a little Banking. His only daughter died before
him, both buried in Caple ch. yard with M. J. He was

Hedges. from Verin + Foster.

Francis of Reading Berks Clericus

John b. 1688

John b. 1719
d. Aug. 1. 1787

Wm b. 1721.

Hedges John. s. Francis of Reading. Priest.

MA. from Kings Camb. 1726

Matric. John's Oxon. Feb. 8. 170 $\frac{5}{6}$. at 18. BA. Ox. 1709

Rector of Orkstone Kent 1721-8. Vicar East Peckham

1723. Vic. East Darleigh 1727-52. M. Ins. Thribergh.

Jorks.

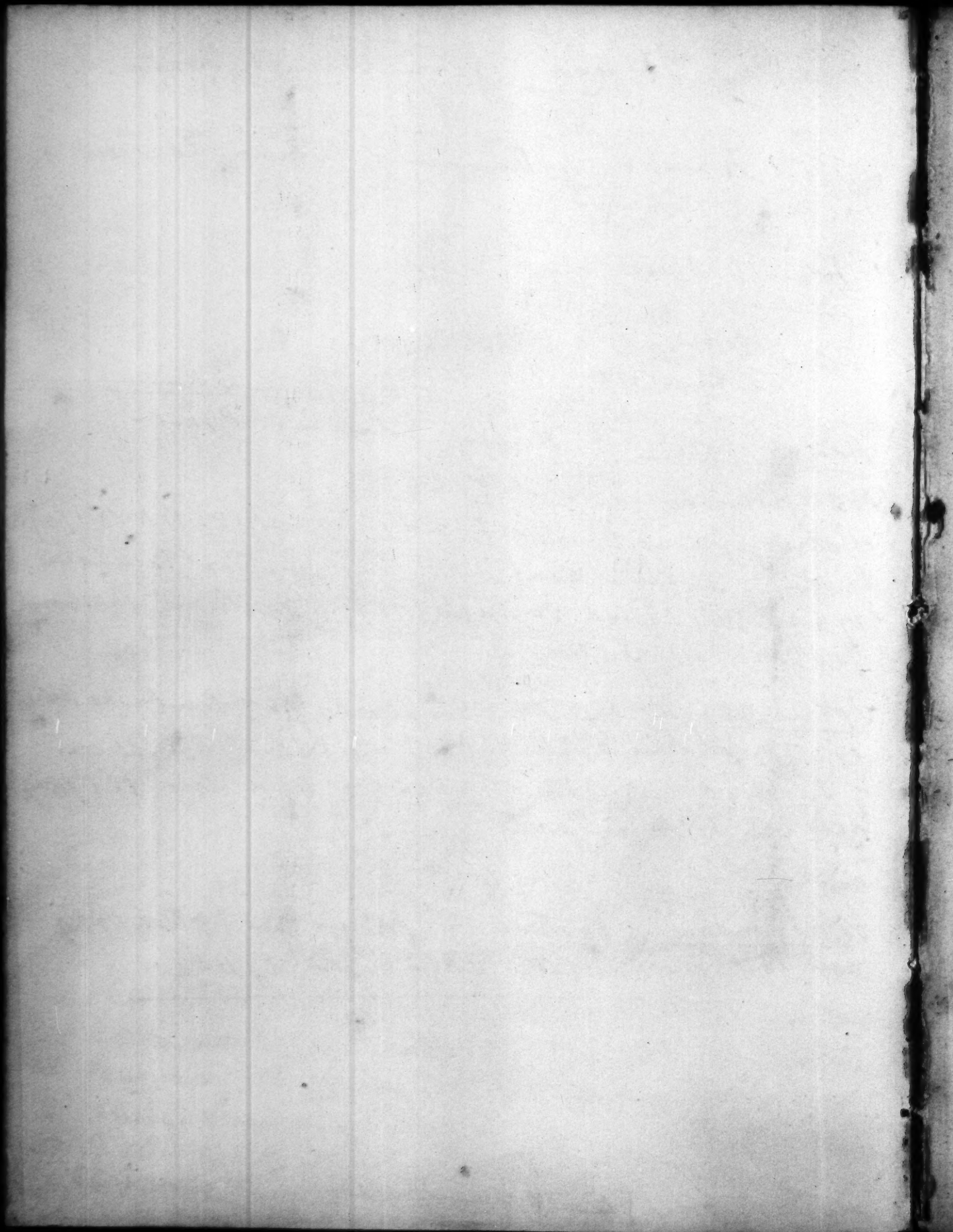
Father of

John Hedges. Adm: Sizar Oct 17 at Pembroke Feb. 10
1735 $\frac{1}{2}$. Matric 1736. BA. 1740 $\frac{1}{2}$. MA. 1744. Vicar
of Sudely (C Capel) Kent 1750-87. Died Aug. 1. 1787.
aged 68. M. Ins. Sudely.

and of

Wm Hedges. Matric S^r John's Ox. 29 Nov. 1739
aged 18. Merton Coll. BA. 26. Jan. 1749 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Uncle to my Great Grandfather J. H. Quarters
J. W. C.



A No 2.

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

STORM

THAT HAPPENED IN

WEST KENT,

In the Month of AUGUST, 1763.

By JOHN HEDGES, A. M.

Vicar of *Tudely Cum Capella, Kent.*

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by S. CHANDLER, at *Holborn-Bars.* 1763.

[Price Six-pence.]

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

STORM



IN THAT PART

WEST KENT,

In the Month of August, 1763.

By JOHN HEDGES, A.M.

Vicar of Twyford, near Capella, Kent.

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by S. CHANDLER, at Holborn-Bar, 1763.

[Price Six pence.]

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A Description of the
SICKNESS
AND
DESTRUCTION,
OF THE
STORM, &c.

ATENTIVELY attend to the destruction now brought upon the earth, see, as it were through a telescope, hop-vines and trees beaten, bruised, broken in pieces,

* *Verberatæ grandine vineæ!* Hor.

suddenly stripped in some measure of their verdure, and of their fruit too; see the fields that were so thick with corn as to laugh and sing, as the Psalmist speaks, see their joy suddenly turned into sorrow, the gay at once become grave, see

The vines smitten by hail

them ripe for, and just going to be put to the sickle, weeping over the unexpected total loss of their gloss, of their beauty; see the husbandman lamenting over the melancholy prospect of their fields so deprived of their ears; and of the corn itself spread abroad, straw'd, shatter'd upon the ground: think how many there are upon the earth, that are brought to great difficulties and distress, to poverty. Hear! imagine we hear children crying aloud for bread: see! imagine we see their parents unable to stop their mouths, to feed the hungry; and think how many there are, or may be, that are cast away upon the sea by this calamity, by this heavy judgment of God, who was not bowed down at the hearing of it? who was not dismay'd at the seeing of it? who can bear the shock given to the human nature at the thoughts of it? who then can bear to describe, to relate it? Let us now turn our thoughts towards a very extensive, agreeable, pleasant prospect. Reflect, let us ever reflect upon the loving kindness of the Lord, upon his mercy towards, upon his goodness to us. That a nation laden with, that a nation full of infidelity, that such a nation as this should see the hand of divine vengeance lifted up against, levell'd at it, and yet not actually feel the weight of; and yet not be totally destroyed by it, but suffered to live on, still to see

again the sun with its usual, with its wanted brightness shining upon our heads, is a mercy which every one that has only a common share of humility, must acknowledge himself to be unworthy of, which it becometh him well to be thankful for, and which will encrease the divine wrath and vengeance, if it has not this effect upon us. Sleep not then any longer in the bed of wickedness, in the bed of sin; awake unto holiness, awake unto righteousness, be ye clothed with humility, put on the new man, who will acknowledge it to be in the power of God to deprive him of, to deny him an opportunity of reaping the fruits of the earth in their season. Let the warning, let the image, let the resemblance we have so lately had of the day of judgment, let this fresh instance of the goodness of God in not destroying us in the midst of, with our sins full-blown upon our heads, lead you, lead us all to repentance. Remember, let us ever remember that the most clandestine bribery, and every other sin whatsoever, will be discover'd. There is nothing secret that shall not be made manifest, nothing hid that shall not be made known, come to light, be proclaim'd upon the house-top, and he that runs into, he that continues in a different

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channel of thinking, is like a brook unusually shallow.

Let us then instantly confess, be deeply sorry for our sins, and shew that we are so, by forsaking them.

*Per nostrum non patimur scelus iracunda,
Jovem ponere fulmina.*

Hor.

I Am a genuine, a real copy of some of my master's original, obvious, serious thoughts, which he on Friday last told me were owing to his paying an attention that was due to the consideration of eternity; the neglect of which consideration, as he then told me, has been, is, and will continue to the end of the world to be the leading principal cause of men's souls being miserable, and for ever miserable in a future state; upon which account, as he added, we who hope for salvation cannot exercise our thoughts, can hardly let them run too much upon this soft, smooth surface, upon this most important subject. I begin now to draw, by the help of the strength of my memory, to the end of my writing to you, to tell you how my master begins his thoughts upon eternity. *Arrige aures?* When a thousand years are past and gone, we are no nearer to the end of eternity, if I may thus express myself, than we were on the first moment ^{they} ~~we~~ began. The idea we have of time is but of little, if it is of any service, towards opening for us the door that leads to, that can let us into the knowledge, into an adequate idea of eternity. The former is so sensible of its being very short, and very small, that it runs away from, does not dare to come near to the thoughts of being compared with, or measured by the latter. The Psalmist speaking

upon this subject, says, *a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.* Length of days indeed, of days wherein no night, no darkness intervenes, length of days without end are in your hands: your sun, O most glorious, most valuable eternity! is never set, and there is nothing that can be mentioned, or thought of by way of comparison with, that may not be look'd upon as an affront offer'd to you. The wisest man upon earth can have no thoughts of looking out for, of finding your equal, your competitor. You must, and you desire to remain as you ever was, and ever will be single, alone, unparallel'd; there is no comparison with which you can be compared. Eternity is something that is more like nothing, than any thing we have either seen, have been, or are acquainted with; and yet every one of us may, will, must feel either the good or the ill effects of it for ever. How then can we who are so unwilling, and so unable, without the divine aid and assistance, to bear any temporary pain, any temporary affliction, how can we upon any consideration whatsoever be prevailed upon at present to run any, even the least hazard of being forced hereafter to continue for ever and ever in a state of pain and misery? can we, how can we excuse ourselves, can we, who,

or
measured by the latter. The Psalmist speaking
near to the thoughts of being compared with,

can we be look'd upon as rational beings, if we shew by our actions that we prefer a state of torment, of endless torment, to a state full of happiness, to a state full of raptures, of joy, of joy eternal, the joy of our Lord, joy far beyond the power of expression, far beyond the most exalted thought, far beyond the warmest expectation. If then you have any bowels of love for your thinking, for your thoughtful friends and relations, if you have any bowels of compassion for the suckling infants, for the generation of men that will, that are to come upon, when you are gone off from the stage of life; if you have any bowels of compassion for yourselves, you will, you must frequently, if not continually bend your thoughts towards, seriously think of eternity, before it is too late, and act accordingly, whilst the son of righteousness shines upon, whilst the day of grace remaineth with you, before death, before the night cometh, when no man can work out his salvation, or strike even one stroke towards beating out the impressions made upon the soul, contracted by sin. I will add one consideration more tending to encourage the practice of accustoming ourselves to think seriously of eternity; it is this, no being can be stiled happy that is not ultimately

so, because if the *summa summarum*, if the sum total of his pains exceeds the sum total of his pleasures, he is so far from being happy, that he is a being unhappy, or miserable, in proportion to that excess. From whence we may conclude, that no person upon earth can be pronounced to be absolutely happy, because a scene of ease and of happiness may soon be exchanged for a more durable scene of pain and misery, even in this life, whilst we have our treasure in earthen vessels.

Dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo supremæque funera potest.

May you then, may all of us think of eternity till it has this effect upon us, till it prevails upon us to use our utmost endeavours to procure for ourselves a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

An epitaph supposed to be written by a monument in the month of *September*, and in the year of our Lord 1763.

My motto is, *Virtus sola nobilitas.*

I am, and I take pleasure in being a preserver of the memory of the reverend Mr. *John Hedges*, who was vicar of *East Peckham*, and of *East Farley*, in the county of *Kent*; who was a star that shone upon the face of the earth with unusual brightness; who was the champion, the hero, the prop of the church of England; who was the happy owner of every virtue under the sun; who now shines even where the Son of Righteousness himself is; who now shines, who will for ever shine even in heaven, through the mercies of God in Christ Jesus. Amen.

F I N I S.

An epitaph supposed to be written by a man-
dant in the month of September, and in the year
of our Lord 1763.

My motto is, I'll be a Christian.

I am, and I like to be in being a Christian
of the number of the good and true. I am a Christian
who was born of a good father, and of a good mother
in the country of New York; who was a free man
those upon the face of the earth with mutual
highly; who was the champion of the poor, the
two of the church of England; who was the
most of every man; who was the most of every man
now, and who was the most of every man; who was the
most of every man; who was the most of every man;
in the month of September, and in the year of our Lord 1763.



F I N I S

